

Masthead Logo

The Iowa Review

Volume 38
Issue 2 *Fall*

Article 38

2008

Valentine

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Recommended Citation

Petrosino, Kiki. "Valentine." *The Iowa Review* 38.2 (2008): 100-101. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6490>

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Valentine

Sorry, but I just don't love you
more than Darwinism.

More than: *Farmers take their animals to feed
upon the alpine balds.*

I don't love you more than this cheese slice
which tastes of Swiss feet.

I don't love you more than falling off the
button lift, or haul lines,

or deciding whether peanut M&Ms are treats
or snacks.

I don't love you more than old darkresses
and sipping from thimbles.

I just don't love you.
I just don't love you more than pizza.

Or the final scenes of *Clue*.
Or colored chalk.
Or what Clive Owen's jaws are made out of.

I don't love you more than the social imagination.
Or more than NPR on Sunday.

Or my own face, glyphed
with tulip pollen.

I don't love you more than the word *classic*.
Or my afro.
Or this badass wrestling singlet.

No. But you're better off.
I'd only cause you grief, in time.

Abandon you for someone jazzy, more hirsute—
Probably. I guess.

I mean, maybe if you stepped into the singlet right now.
Theoretically. Just to see.

Wait— Wait—
(...)

Nope.